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tarried for some time making architecture and the Provençal literature chief objects of his study. After exhausting Marseilles, he visited Montpellier, where he met René Taillandier, a most accomplished scholar, "the man in all France best acquainted with German literature"—the genial critic of Henrich Heine. Nismes, with its superb relics of Gothic art, was next visited. Also Arles, whence he embarked for Italy.

Referring to this period of his life, Mr. Leland has said: "The Gothic was my spécialité, and every proverb of the olden time, every song, every strain of music, every picture, every black-letter sheet and missal, every coin, every Madonna, every spire and arch, awoke in me a strange feeling of tenderest interest and enthusiasm."

Landing at Naples, the journey to Venice was accomplished by short excursions, in order to see and study all things by the way. Every possible thing which Naples, and Rome, and Venice, offered, in the way of rare books, pictures, cathedrals, operas, ballets, ruins, lazzaroni, gondolas, ball-rooms, and carnival, was enjoyed in the fullest sense. No student ever was more industrious—no pleasure-seeker ever more assiduous. The result was the accumulation of a vast store of material for future thought and remark.

In the spring of 1847, Mr. Leland went to Heidelberg, where he tarried some months in attendance upon the lectures of the noted professors of its renowned university, among others, those of Schlosser on history; and Gruzelier on chemistry, with laboratory service. The last six months of 1847 were spent in Munich, where he attended specially to æsthetics, under the eminent Thiersch, studying also daily in the great collections of the Glyptothek and Pinacothek. He then attended the lectures of Neumann, on oriental history and literature, and made much progress.

Travelling through Germany, Belgium, and Holland, studying art with the minutest care, Mr. Leland passed on to Paris—arriving there at the moment when the throes of Revolution were toppling the throne of the Bourbons into ruin. With the zeal of an ardent republican, he threw himself into the contest between the people and throne; and while he pursued his course of study by attendance upon lectures and by patient research, he did not fail to mix in with the crowd,

and to gain their confidence so far as to become a leader at the barricades, when the momentous crisis of February came. His enthusiasm was quite equal to that of his French friends, and when the cry was raised, "To the Tuileries!" he was among the first to enter its doors. To stay the sacrilegious hands of the mob, he helped to write the placards—"Respect property"—"Liberty for Poland and Hungary"—"No injury to the nation's treasures"—which protected the palace from being sacked. He was chosen as one of the deputation of the people to congratulate the Provisional Government on its assumption of authority.

Mr. Leland quitted Paris for England, in June, 1848, where he remained several months, making the acquaintance of many eminent men of science and letters. Thence he returned home—having been absent three years.

He then entered the law office of John Cadwallader, Esq., of Philadelphia, with whom he studied, and was admitted to the practice of the law in due time. But literature was his never-ending companion—the theme of his converse and his thoughts so entirely as to impel him to give up the law after a brief practice, to assume the pen editorial and autorial. Having made the acquaintance of the late Dr. Griswold, he became co-editor of the *International Magazine*, assuming its foreign department, and noticing foreign books. He was also editorially employed on *Sartain's Magazine*, writing many choice articles for the body of that really model monthly. When Barnum and Beach started their great enterprise of publishing an illustrated paper, he was called to its management, in company with Dr. Griswold. The Doctor soon retired, and Mr. Leland continued sole editor for two years.

The autorial career of Mr. L. really commenced in 1845—when he wrote for the *Knickerbocker Monthly*, his inimitable "Meister Karl's Sketch Book," and since which time he has been an almost constant contributor to our best current publications. *Graham's Magazine* was under his editorial charge during the years 1857 and 1858. The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, he conducted for four years, 1856 to 1860. During this period he translated and published Heine's "Pictures of Travel"—a work which was extensively and favorably reviewed in England and Germany. "The Poetry and Mystery of

Dreams," was given publicity in 1856. "Meister Karl's Sketch Book" (the collected papers from the *Knickerbocker Monthly*) was reproduced in book form, in 1857. This work was republished in England, and won very favorable comment from the English critics. At home it served to establish the author's reputation as a keen analyst and exquisite humorist. Washington Irving was enthusiastic in his commendation of its matter and spirit, declaring, in a letter to a friend, that "it had all the relish of the older humorists," and that "he kept it by him as a Stilton cheese, to dip into frequently." This is high evidence of merit, for Irving was very chary of his compliments to books and men.

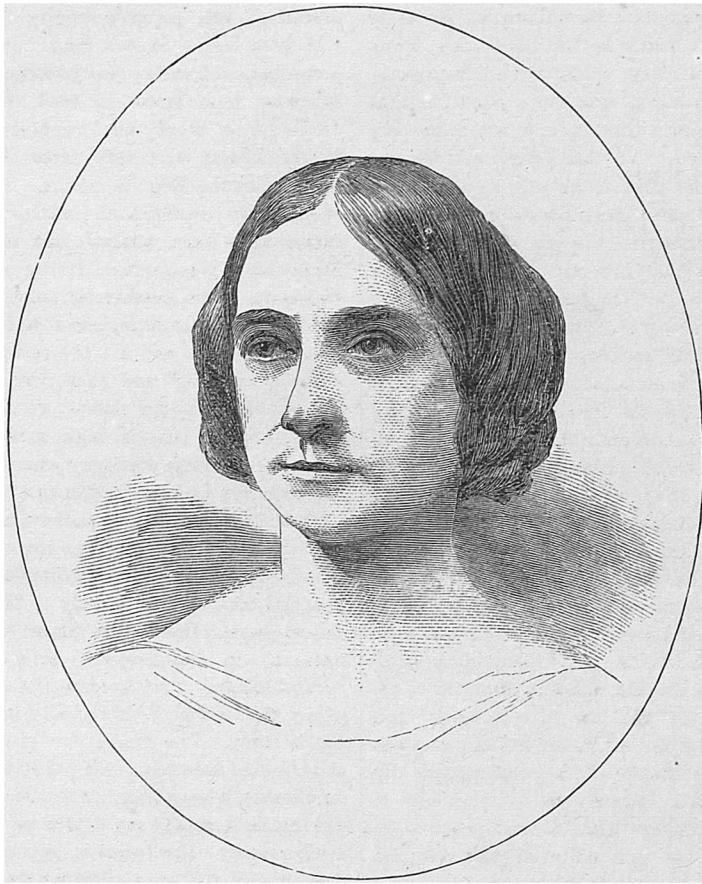
In the fall of 1859, Mr. Leland removed to New-York city, where he has since resided, engaged in various editorial services, and contributing largely to the periodical press. His "Mace Sloper's Observations," in *Knickerbocker*, have greatly served to carry that favorite old monthly safely through perilous times in its financial history. The papers are still being contributed monthly: to say that they are inimitably wise, pungent, and smile-provoking, is to repeat what is now a trite compliment. The series is, beyond question, one of the most popular ever contributed to any magazine in this country.

At this present time, Mr. Leland is editor of *Vanity Fair*—a weekly which bids fair, under his sagacious management, to rival *Punch* and *Charivari*, in reputation and potency.

#### LOUISA LANDER

THIS young lady is a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and descended from one of the oldest and most respected families of that good old city. She is a daughter of Edward Lander and Eliza West, whose father was a relative of Sir Benjamin West.

It can hardly be said when her artist-life commenced. Her pleasures were unlike those of most children. Her greatest enjoyment and happiness consisted in the cutting of horses and figures from odd bits of wood, carving heads in alabaster, or in modelling them in sealing-wax, which she softened by the aid of a light, and worked with a penknife heated to the temperature desired. A workshop,



Louisa Lander.

well supplied with tools, afforded her the opportunity of making what she fancied in wood, until the pencil came to her aid. At this period Louisa was thirteen. Attending school, she became greatly interested in studying anatomy, making many drawings, and amusing herself jointing and unjointing the skeletons of the museum. Many curious anecdotes are told of her enthusiasm over old bones, which caused her friends to recoil; and once, it is related, the child was sent supperless to bed for having her pockets filled with human bones at the tea-table!

That she must have a studio was evident, and her mother consented to arrange a room in the farmhouse, which was but a short distance from the noble old family mansion. This studio became her chief delight, and there she occupied herself, in patient labor and study, for several years. After having produced many copies, she abandoned what she called cramping, monotonous work—following another's ideas, and commenced designing. These designs were treasures which were

rarely shown to friends. One day, seeing a likeness of a friend cut in cameo, she asked: "Who cut that likeness? If made in America, I will find out where to obtain the shell, and cut one at once." She was satisfactorily answered, and was also given the coveted shell for cutting. She succeeded at first in cutting her fingers more than the shell, but, by the aid of her inevitable penknife, and an old sail-needle, the cameo was finished. The design was original, representing the Evening Star, a floating head, surrounded by rays. Soon learning the method of cutting, she copied and designed many cameos, adding likenesses to the number.

Several years later, Miss Lander modelled her first bust. It was wrought under numerous difficulties, and was finally executed in marble. She continued to model portrait busts, producing several ideal works: one, a colossal bust of "To-day," full of life and spirit; and one of "Galatea," full of sweetness and womanly beauty. Finding how difficult

it was to obtain any instruction in America toward modelling the human figure, she determined to go to Rome. The autumn of 1855 found her in the Eternal City, having left a home of ease and comfort to encounter the anxieties and struggles of artist-life. She became a pupil of Crawford, studying in his studio the first year, profiting by observing the erection of large works, modelling from the antique, and drawing from casts. Crawford's untimely death broke in upon her agreeable and profitable experience, and left his pupil to study and work, unaided by kindly counsels. That she has labored patiently and successfully is evidenced by the works which now stand as monuments of her fame.

The most prominent, among her numerous busts, is a powerful one of Hawthorne, the novelist; a colossal bust of Governor Gore, executed from two portraits in oil, and designed for Harvard Library, in Cambridge, where it now is. Her portrait-busts of ladies are much admired for their truthfulness and their ideal beauty. Her statuette of "Elizabeth of Siberia" is full of life and spirit. Her "Evangeline," a statue in perfect repose, sleeps sweetly and well. The drapery is uncommonly well conceived, and admirably reveals the figure, which, in sculpture, is deserving of the highest praise. The lines in the composition flow easily, and all tend to produce the wearied sleep that has fallen upon her. "Undine," another of her works, is full of ideal, poetic beauty—a light, airy figure, rising as a water-jet. The base of the fountain, surrounded by shells, forms the pedestal.

Miss Lander remained abroad five years, with the exception of a five-months' visit to this country, included in that period. In the summer of 1858 she made the tour of the studios of Europe, visiting all the leading art-centres, for study and observation. In St. Petersburg she tarried long enough to execute busts of the American minister and his wife.

Returning to Rome, she produced in marble, during the winter of 1859 and the spring of 1860, her "Virginia Dare," a life-size statue, upon which her best powers were employed. During the same time she was much employed upon a clay model of "Maud Müller"—a two-thirds life-size statue, embodying Whittier's exquisite creation in his poem of that name. Another model was conceived and finely elaborated in clay, representing a group

of three—a white mother protecting her daughters from the Indians. This composition stands over six feet in height, and is represented as proving the power of the artist for the highest order of composition. A friend, who has been permitted to examine the work, says of it:

"The mother is the centre figure. It is full of grandeur of expression, strength, and heroism, typifying the character of the Genius of America. A fainting figure occupies the right. It is of the young daughter, overcome with terror at sight of the savages, and is exceedingly tender and beautiful, with a pose at once graceful and harmonious. The left figure is that of the child, just flown to its mother for protection. Its conception embodies innocence, beauty, and reliance, in a full and perfect degree. The whole is a work of great power and truthfulness, and, when we regard the amount of physical labor and mental activity necessary to produce it, we can but express wonder at its execution."

During its execution the artist was also having the "Virginia Dare" wrought under her care, giving to it all labor and watchfulness necessary to its perfect execution. When approaching its completion, she assumed its entire finish, not permitting even the most experienced workman to touch it.

The composition represents Virginia as an Indian princess,\* displaying, in her erect form and faultless symmetry of person, the dignity and grace which her wild life would be sure to impart. One who beheld the statue in Rome says of it:—

"The face and head are very fine, exhibiting the thoughtfulness and spirituality which would naturally be derived from dreamy recollections of her early life. The figure is semi-nude: the drapery, a light fishing-net, is charmingly conceived and executed. She has gathered the net about her, after fishing on the shore, and stands in thought, as she gazes over the broad waters which lead to that

\* Virginia Dare was the first white child born on the American continent. Her parents came with one of the first colonies sent from England to settle Virginia. Being left alone for some months, when the vessel returned with supplies, the little colony had disappeared, and the only trace ever discovered of it was found in the property of the whites distributed among the savages. The entire colony had been slaughtered, though it was afterward learned that some of the little children had been spared to grow up among the Indians. Virginia Dare, it is pretty certain, was among that number, and tradition has it that she became an Indian princess.

foreign land, where, perchance, may yet live her father. The net conveys to the mind a twofold idea: being of English manufacture, it connects her early life with her present one of exile. It also expresses the Indian mode of life, and is in perfect harmony with the other accessories—the beach-bird, and the water rippling at her feet. The characteristics of this statue are dignity, simplicity, and repose. These she would naturally inherit from her parents, and acquire by associating with the Indians."

The design, possessing the charm of novelty and historic interest, shows that we have in our own country rich subjects for sculpture.

Miss Lander is now sojourning for a while at her home in Salem, Mass. Her bust of Hawthorne, and the reclining statue of "Evangeline," were on exhibition in New-York during the summer of 1860. They elicited much and favorable notice from the press and connoisseurs. The bust was particularly admired for its strength of expression and dignity. Beside the statuettes named, the artist has produced a "Sylph," a production of much beauty and finish.

This record shows, not only the vast industry of the lady, but affords a pleasant proof of the progress made in modern opinion as regards "woman's sphere" and woman's capabilities. That she is endowed with genius for her profession is conceded even by those hypocritics who cavil at "women-artists;" while, by the unbiased and discerning, she is regarded as one of those artists who will add lustre to the American name should her life be spared and she be permitted to pursue her profession uninterruptedly.

#### IN MEMORIAM—NO. V.

##### I.

A BOUNDED year of change has passed—  
The creamy-tinted rose has come  
To mind us of thy richer home:—  
Again its bloom and buds are glassed.

##### II.

It yields a double fragrance now;  
Its own—so loved by thee, of yore,  
And yet a deeper doth it pour,  
Since it entwined thy lifeless brow.

##### III.

A simple tribute, but oh, take  
Its incense to thy higher home!  
The silvery stars too, now are come,  
This votive wreath all thine to make.

A. P. C.

#### APOSTROPHE TO THE MARCH WIND.

PEAL on—lugubrious wind!

Blow long, and deep, and loud.  
How whirlt the dry leaves in a russet cloud,  
Thou scatt'ring, bold, March wind.

Peal out an anthem more!

Peal out a triumphal blast.  
Thou swayest the bending tree and creaking mast;  
Thou swallowest up the sea-breeze on the shore.

Ha! let me breathe thee now—

O bold March wind, that sways the mighty trees,  
That swallowest up the saline crisped breeze—  
Bathe with a gust, my brow!

M. thinkst thou might all mildew chase away,

All cobwebs from the brain's interior cell:

Canst enter *there* and tell—

The labyrinth mazes of the mind's deep way?

Oh, I would die—March wind—

And have thee chant a requiem o'er my grave;  
Peal forth an anthem—make the tree-tops wave,  
And NATURE cadence mind.

Another gurgling gull! a trembling trill

Arises slowly on the listening ear,

Hearken! 'tis drawing near;

'Crash!' and the foremost tree lies prone and still.

Ha! see its roots—long, sinuous, lean, and fine—

Have yet embraced a clump of sandy soil,  
All crushed and crumpled 'neath their serpent coil;  
The towering tree lies down the bank supine.

Was't not a glorious blast? O fallen tree!

Light, agile, springy thing—

I, too, would fall in spring,

And have the March wind play its chant o'er me.

Searcher of hearts—March wind!

May no consumptive ever breathe of thee;

Thou comest with wild poetry to me.

And yet, the scent of death thou leavest behind!

From childhood, *I have loved thee*, bold March wind,

And I will up unto the hilltop straight,

To hear thee stride along with thundering gait,

Thy tracks made visible by the leaves we find;

Until another Spring—farewell, O bold March wind.

J. H. L.

#### SONG—GO, YES, LEAVE ME.

Go—yes, leave me in my sorrow—

Falsehood basks in tears like thine—

Well I know ere dawns the morrow,

Not one straying thought is mine.

Go—yes, leave me in my loneliness—

Linger not—this aching heart

Here abjures its doting proneness—

It shall con another part.

I will teach it grandly—boldly—

Anguish fierce may smite each string—

Perish e'en it may—but coldly—

Dead, the tendrils wont to cling.

Think I will not on the morrow,

That thine eye made all my light

(Oh, sweet heaven its light might borrow)—

I'll not heed the settling night.

Soft, O heart—awake from dreaming—

Quiver not to stand alone—

Still thee—'twas not love, 'twas seeming—

Grieve not—'twas a breath of stone.

LAURA ELMER.